

## Cave Story VS I. M. Meen: The Complete Duology

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## Cave Story VS I. M. Meen: The Complete Duology

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

In this short yet epic crossover crack fic of rather fittingly epic and hilarious proportions, I. M. Meen invades the Cave Story universe and begins kidnapping innocent Mimiga children, selecting Jack as his main torture target. However, Jack has other plans...

# **The Book Of Doom**

One day on the despicable little planet known as Earth, an odd little man named Ignamus Mortimer Meen crash-landed a helicopter in the tunnel network of Mimiga Island. For some odd reason, Balrog just so happened to be working with him.

Mr. Meen and Balrog explored through the caves until they reached Mimiga Village, where they peeked through a hole in the rock wall separating the two of them from the village and saw three adorable little rabbit-shaped children playing and chatting with each other; Quote and Curly had allowed them to stay there one more day before moving down to the Earth's surface.

"Balrog! What are the names of those cutesy little scamps over there?" IM Meen asked.

"I'm never telling YOU!" Balrog denied him.

"You WILL tell me, unless you want me to zap you again. We don't want that, now, do we?" IM Meen recommended strongly, placing his right thumb on the Balrog-zapper button on his remote.

"Uhh...NO, MASTER! PLEASE don't! I-I'll do anything for you, master!" Balrog begged desperately, trembling with fear.

"Good boy." IM Meen sarcastically complimented Balrog, patting him on the top of his rectangular metal body. "Now GO FETCH!" he yelled, tossing one of his so-called "Balrog Biscuits" (a rock with sugary sprinkles spray-glued onto it) through the hole in the wall.

"ARF! ARF! WOOF!" Balrog barked, revving himself up and charging directly into the wall, effectively busting right through it like the Kool-Aid Man. "OH, YEAAH!"

All three of the children screamed and attempted to flee into the nearest house, but, lo and behold, the door was locked! They pounded on the door with all of their might, hoping for someone to answer as Balrog peacefully ate his biscuit without bothering anyone.

"Balrog, you FOOL!" IM Meen scolded him, zapping him. "Try to bust through the wall more SILENTLY next time, would you please?"

"Dude, I'm busting right through a frickin' wall. You expect me to be perfectly silent?" Balrog pointed out.

"Well, perhaps not perfect, I suppose, but quiet enough to where it's inaudible-"

"Exactly! You don't get it, do you? They have giant fuckin' rabbit ears. It's pretty damned hard for them not to hear me when I bust right through a FUCKING WALL, YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT WHORE MOTHER-"

And with that, IM Meen and Balrog broke out into a verbal fistfight.

"Wow, what are those two idiots doing? Also, haven't I seen that rectangular robot one before?" the children thought to themselves.

Once IM Meen and Balrog had finally untangled from their verbal (and literal) fistfight, they both introduced themselves. The children were quite shocked to know that Balrog was somehow working for this strange and peculiar man. They raised their hands to ask a whole bunch of questions, but IM Meen just wouldn't listen to them, much to their dismay.

"Now, Balrog, tell me their names." IM Meen commanded.

"Yes, sir!" Balrog replied.

"Okay...the girl on the left with the blue shirt is named Sue."

"The boy in the center with the glasses is named Jack."

"And the girl on the right with the green shirt is named...Toroko?! Oh yeah, that's right, I made a wish to a genie to revive her for some odd reason..."

"Personally, I think the one that deserves to be tortured the most is actually probably Jack." IM Meen concluded. "After all, he IS the one wearing those appalling nerdy glasses! FILTHY BOOKWORM!"

"DUDE, what the FUCK?" Jack replied disapprovingly, pointing a finger at IM Meen. "Alright, first of all, I'm 16, and second of all...what type of so-called torture do you have in mind?"

"FORCING YOU TO PARTICIPATE IN A MIMIGA YURI FANFIC!" IM Meen replied loudly.

"Ugghhhh..." And, just like that, Jack collapsed and fainted head-over-heels onto the ground.

"Wake me up when I'm not in hell anymore..." he whispered to himself before losing consciousness.

And on that note, IM Meen suddenly and frighteningly broke out into his infamous song!

"OH, LOOK, Mimiga CHILL-DRENN! See them playing, having fun;  
how I HATE those BUNNIE-WUNNIES, how they make my \*\*\*\*\* cum!

I've got a little SEEK-RIT, that'll REALLY make em' cry!  
It's a NASTY kind of magic, from a SPECIAL kind of guy!

This book is made to OR-DERR, but it ISN'T to be read!  
When I open up this book, you'll FUCK inside instead,  
in the most unpleasant place Jack's ever seen!  
The magic fanny fic of I! M! Meeeeeen!

Very scary AND CONFUSING, sexual fuckery of MY CHOOSING!  
Magic fanny fic of I! M! Meeee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee!!!"

And on that last word, he opened the book, sucking Jack, Sue, Toroko, and even Balrog right into it!

"Heeheehee...this magic pen ought to do the trick! Prepare to do my bidding, Sue and Toroko and Balrog! Prepare to do every wonderfully despicable thing I write in this sickeningly lovely little book, while poor, poor Jack watches! BOO HOO! Oh, I feel so bad for the poor little bookworm! BOO HOO HOO HOO HOO! HA, NOT!" the diabolical low-life douche melodramatically gloated even though no one was able to hear him.

# Mimiga Yuri

IM Meen began writing his story.

-> One day, on the despicable little speck of a planet known as Earth, four strange and very interesting characters woke up in their two-story house; nothing had stirred, not even a mouse!

Three of them were barefooted Mimigas, most of which lacked a ballsack; the blue-shirted and green-shirted lesbian twins known as Sue and Toroko, and the lonely, nerdy, green-shirted, glasses-wearing young boy known as Jack.

These rabbit-like anthropomorphic dog creatures were also accompanied by a giant toaster-shaped robot thing-a-ma-nigger named Balrog, who had both the nose and the brain of a dog!

"OMG, Sue!" Toroko beckoned. "That, like, time we, like, had together on the queen-size bed, like, last, like, night was, like, totally, like, SOOOOOOOOO much FUN!!! Can we, like, do it again, oh, please, please, please!?!?"

"Like, pretty please?" Toroko whispered into Sue's ear.

"Sure, but only if that dumbass hunk of junk over there promises that he won't spy on us with his eye cameras again!" Sue replied.

"Teeheehee!" Balrog giggled, covering his mouth with his robot arms.

"OH, you big pervert!" Sue and Toroko scolded him.

"Wait a minute...what the FUCK is going on here?" Jack wondered out loud.

"What do you mean, my dear non-transvestite?" Balrog responded, re-applying his eyeliner and lip gloss, re-centering his golden wig, and checking himself in the mirror. "Does this bikini make my beautifully voluptuous rectangular ass look big?"

"Dear God, NO! Just...oh my god, just...NO!" Jack stammered. "Okay...f-first of all...Balrog, why in the hell are you wearing lipstick and high heels? That's just WRONG if I do say so myself."

"Hey, it makes me look pretty, you rude-ass wanker!" Balrog responded, logging onto Deviantart and sorting through massive libraries of foot fetish art on his iPad. "Say, how about a kiss?" he added, extending his arms out, grabbing Jack, pulling him head-first into his metal face with a loud and dizzying "CLONK!" and then forcefully rubbing him against it while hugging him so tightly he almost started choking.

"Put me down, you crossdressing fuckwit!" Jack yelled at him; all the hairs on his fur appeared to be standing straight up from the rather jarring experience.

"My, my, such foul language!" Toroko and Sue giggled like schoolgirls.

"Also, what in the actual living hell where Quote and Curly defeated Ballos is wrong with you two?" Jack continued, pointing at Sue and Toroko. "You're both acting like such stereotypical lesbian fanfiction sluts all of a sudden!"

"Heheheh..." Sue laughed. "My dear ex-boyfriend, this might be a bit hard for you to understand, but..."

"Wait a second, WHAT did you just say?" Jack interrupted, bewildered and confused beyond belief. "Am I really your EX-boyfriend now?"

"Why, yes, I'm afraid." Sue replied with a shit-eating smirk. "Do you know where you are right now?"

"Oh, please, don't tell me it's-"

"Oh yes it is, my friend." Sue responded, cackling evilly. "You're in my world now, four-eyes. A world where the pen truly is indeed mightier than the sword. A world where we all worship the Pen-Wielder and follow his every command...except you, because you're just a silly little four-eyed loser. Go to work already, you freak."

"Where?" Jack asked surprisingly politely.

"You know, that, like, fast food, like, place, like, right across the, like, subway line?" Toroko responded. "We eat there, like, all the time and yet we're both, like, incredibly, like, skinny. Would you mind, like, bringing some, like, home for us? Don't, like, forget the Shit-Squirtingly, like, Hot sauce."

"Ah, yes, we're simply famished." Sue replied, guzzling down a bottle of vodka mixed with orange juice.

Jack went into the bathroom to undress and take a shower, making sure that no one would be able to spy on him while he did so. "Okay, this looks simple. All I have to do is just simply rotate the handle on this knob into the red area like this, and the water will presumably become super-COLD!!!"

The water was so cold that Jack almost got hypothermia just from touching it! Shivering, crossing his arms over his chest and chattering his teeth, Jack leaped out of the shower and wrapped himself in Sue's shitty-smelling towel.

"Oh yeah, sorry about that." Sue apologized, opening the door. "The three of us had already used that shower before you, so I guess it was probably freezing cold."

"Jesus, YOU THINK?" Jack replied with a strongly pissed-off tone. "Honestly, I could've DIED in there for fuck's sake! Say, speaking of which, I just realized I gotta take a shit. Do you have any toilet paper left?"

"Sorry, we're all out." Sue replied. "Until we get more, you're just gonna have to use the towel."

At that remark, Jack's face turned green as his shirt as he slipped his equally green shirt back on. "You know, on second thought, I think there's something else I need to go do outside...urk!" he explained urgently. Meanwhile, Sue grabbed the towel and stuffed it into the washing machine.

As you probably expected, Jack ran out into the front yard and violently threw up into the rosebushes. "I know I have a habit of doing this, but, seriously, can I really blame myself this time?" he thought to himself. "You know what? I'm skipping breakfast this morning. Fuck breakfast. I've officially lost my appetite. I don't even wanna know what their fucking screwed-up shitty idea of breakfast is."

Suddenly, as he was walking to the car, he heard a buzzing sound coming from the bushes. "OH GOD, NO, NOT THE BEES!" Jack screamed, frantically scrambling into his car and slamming the door shut as a huge swarm of wasps came out of the bush; luckily, the windows were all shut. "Phew. That was a close one." he thought to himself as the swarm gave up and flew away to make

a new nest elsewhere.

But then, to his horror, Jack discovered that one of the wasps had somehow snuck inside his ear canal!

Toroko and Balrog were able to hear his agonized screams of pain and terror from all the way out in the living room while watching TV!

"Man, like, seriously, like, what is, like, up with that hunky little guy?" Toroko asked Balrog.

"Oh, don't worry, my dear, he's just being fabulous." Balrog replied with a feminine wink.

"Should we, like, help him or something?" Toroko asked.

"Nah, he'll be fine." Balrog replied uncaringly. "Meh, I'd much rather sit on the couch."

After finally killing and disposing of the sneaky little bastard with bug spray, Jack turned on the car and saw a stale granola bar in the glove compartment. "Guess this is going to be my shitty breakfast after all..." he thought miserably to himself, activating the GPS map on his iPhone.

"Alright, so this restaurant that they were talking about is apparently none other than...DIARRHEA BELL? On SHITSDALE STREET? Are you fucking shitting me?" Jack angrily growled with shock. "Well, I guess I shouldn't be surprised...IM Meen, you are a truly sick bastard, you know that?" he sighed exasperatedly, driving off to work.

On the way to the nearest subway station, Jack ran into traffic jam after traffic jam. To make matters even more exciting, it suddenly started raining like hell, he had to dodge several car accidents, the loose tire from an eighteen-wheeler truck almost flew right into his windshield, the heater malfunctioned and just about burned him to death, the Crazybus title screen music started playing on the radio, he nearly got struck by lightning...and he forgot his umbrella.

"Well, this is just fan-fucking-tastic!" Jack sneered, crossing his arms. "Tell me, Mr. Award-Winning-Writer, you; what's the worst that could happen?"

On the subway, he got s(h)at on by the fattest woman on the train while everyone laughed at him and called him derogatory names like "Boil-Face", "Furry-Fag", "Pimple-Tits", "Pus-Brain", "Four-Eyed Freak" and "Bunny-Boy".

After stumbling out of the train and being trampled by a stampede of Black Friday Wal-Mart customers, Jack desperately scraped himself off the ground, hoping he would at least survive to see the next day. "Should I stay or should I go, be it to heaven or hell? I suppose my destiny will decide."

Just as Jack stepped out onto the sidewalk, God's giant hands suddenly came out of the sky, flipped his head open like a Pokeball, and crammed a giant book of self-proclaimed "KNOWLEDGE" into it.

"Oh, come on, seriously?" Jack groaned. "Couldn't you at least take the time to make a pop culture reference that's actually funny and not completely forced?"

Crossing the street and narrowly lunging out of the way of a passing bank robbery car and its furious cop-car pursuer, Jack started to realize how much this area reminded him of all the nasty things he had heard about Detroit. "Could it be?" he thought. "Nah, I doubt it. There aren't enough decaying walls and boarded-up windows on the buildings."

And with those famous legendary words, Jack walked into Diarrhea Bell.



# The Great Moldy Slime

The restaurant had a "no shirt, no shoes" policy, but Jack was surprisingly one of those weird exceptions. However, when he took a good look at the floor, he wished he had been wearing shoes.

Much to his nonexistent surprise, Jack was tasked with working as a janitor at this festering putrid dung heap of a restaurant.

The walls were cracked and beginning to peel, even the decorations themselves were decorated with cobwebs, the tables looked like they were about to fall apart, the ceiling fans were barely working, the windows had dried crusty sauce smeared on them, there were ants and food stains and crumbs everywhere, the tiles were coated with dirt, and the whole place smelled of pure stagnant shit.

"Jesus Christ, and I thought Taco Bell was a shitty restaurant..." he thought as he nervously approached the bathroom, luckily not forgetting to slip on a gas mask and a pair of boots.

Suddenly, with great shock, he realized that the stench had been coming largely from the bathroom this whole time!

"Don't run inside the bathroom." the cashier warned him. "You'll kick up the mold spores."

Shivering with fear, Jack slipped on a full-body quarantine suit and opened the door to the bathroom. The stench in the air was visible. He could definitely see why no one used this bathroom anymore.

The mirror was nonexistent. The faucet sprayed black water, if you could even call it that, the handles were rusted and broken, and the entire sink was tilted forward as if it was about to collapse right off the wall. The walls and the floor, as well as the ceiling, were horrendously cracked and oozing with mold. There was even grass along with several varieties of poisonous mushrooms growing between the tiles.

The room had gotten so otherworldly repulsive that even the obviously expected cockroaches were nowhere to be found; according to urban legend, they had already fled from the restaurant in utter shame a long time ago. Fittingly, ominously, and rather disturbingly, Super Metroid's "Item Room Ambience" just so happened to be permanently playing in a loop on the bathroom radio.

Suddenly, a giant, black, slimy monster burst out of the toilet, tore the stall apart, and got so huge that it busted right through the ceiling! Jack screamed and ran for his life as the monster tore apart the entire building!

Standing in the rubble, Jack watched with horror as the monster grabbed an innocent news reporter and swallowed him whole.

"Ahem." the predatory monster humbly greeted its prey. "I am the Great Mighty Poo's distant cousin and I would like to perform for you." The hideous, dripping monster protruding from the toilet was roughly humanoid and had a pair of ominous, glowing white eyes.

"Allow me to sing for you." the monster requested as dramatic opera music began playing in the background.



"I...am...the Great Moldy Slime, and you have arrived here just in time!  
I'll show you all my hair, so you'll nauseously stare!  
Where's your paper bag, you little fag?"

"Here, take this!" a passing truck driver signaled to Jack, dropping a giant crate of Irish Spring soap bars right next to him.

"Oh, I get it..." Jack thought confidently to himself.

"Take this, you little scamp!" the monster yelled, throwing solidified pieces of its own body at Jack, who somehow acrobatically avoided them like a ninja. "WHAT? WHY, YOUUUU-"

While the monster's mouth was wide open, Jack threw a pair of Irish Spring bars into it.  
"BLEAUGH!" While the monster was spitting in disgust at the taste of the soap, Jack threw up into a cup and threw it at Justin Bieber, who ran away crying like a little girl.

Frustrated, the monster continued his song.

"Do you really think you'll survive, you freak? You're nothing but a skinny little geek!  
I am growing rapidly with such amazing speed! Why haven't your bloody pants been peed?"

Jack made a run for it as the monster stretched out its body and swiped with one of its gigantic and intimidating hands in an attempt to grab Jack and eat him. Jack suddenly saw a group of rabid Justin Bieber fanboys approaching, so he decided to take advantage of the opportunity.

"Hey, Beliebers!" Jack called to them. "Bieber wrongfully accused me! It was actually this thing that threw a cup of vomit at him! Kill it! KILL IT WITH SOAP! Don't even think! JUST THROW SOAP AT IT!"

"We'll do anything for Bieber! CHARGE IN THE NAME OF OUR BELOVED GODDESS JUSTIN BIEBER!!!" the fangirls screamed in a rebellious war cry as they totally Zerg-rushed the beast and pelted him with several more crates' worth of soap bars.

Furious, the beast began to sing yet again as the fangirls ran away screaming.

"Now I'm really fucking furious; you're like an itty bitty shitty little dog runt!  
When I've knocked you out with my odor I'm going to take your head and ram it up my cunt!"

"Your CUNT?" Jack responded with surprise.

"MY CUNT!"

"Your CUNT!"

"That's right, MY CUNT! MY CUNT! MY CUNNNNNNNNNNNNT!!!"

Just as the monster finished singing, the janitor of the next-door Diarrhea Bell snuck up behind him and flushed the toilet.

"WHAT? NO!!! I'M FLUSHING, I'M FLUSHING! Who would have thought that such a cute little guy like you could outsmart such an evil genius as me? I'M GOING! NO!!! NO!!! (glug, glug, glug)" And just like that, he vanished. Just to add the coup-de-grace, the janitor added a whole bunch of anti-mold bleach to the toilet and flushed it again.

"Thank you, janitor." Jack thanked him, attempting to shake his hand.

"Hey, what do you think you're doing?" the janitor sneered. "I don't even wanna know where YOUR hands have been! The Diarrhea Bell where I work is actually CLEAN, believe it or not! Mabe if you had actually done a good job CLEANING that wretched filthy place then it wouldn't have ended up looking like that! Nice fucking job, hero!" he literally spat onto Jack's face.

"But it's not my fault..." Jack attempted to argue; after all, he WAS the first janitor they had ever employed, and it was basically his first day.

"I DON'T WANNA FUCKING HEAR IT!" the janitor screamed at him, kicking him in the face and throwing him out onto the sidewalk. "Congratulations. You're fucking fired, loser." Jack's only reward for defeating the Great Slimy Mold was to slowly stagger home, exhausted, penniless and starving.

## **The Ren Wannabe**

Arriving home, Jack slammed open the door as thunder and lightning cracked the sky. "Well, at least I'm home. I can follow my intellectual pursuits-"

Suddenly, he heard Sue, Toroko and Balrog laughing and giggling and whispering in the kitchen about how they had tricked Jack into going to the wrong Diarrhea Bell. "Teeheehee! We sure fooled him! What? Uh-oh! He's here! Did he hear us?"

"YOU'RE DAMNED RIGHT, I HEARD YOU!" Jack screamed, storming after them and pinning them up against the back wall of the upstairs hallway.

"YOUUUUUU..." he growled menacingly. "BOTH of YOUUUUUUUUU..."

Suddenly, his face contorted into an awkwardly deformed grin, although on the inside he was actually literally seething with rage. "OHH, what I'm gonna do to you..." he whispered intimidatingly, gritting his teeth and shaking his fists, trying desperately not to explode. "I'M SO ANGRY!" He could feel his blood pressure getting out of control and he swore that his heart was seriously going to literally beat right out of his chest at any moment.

"First...I'm gonna tear your lips off." he began with horrifying sincerity. "Yeah...that's what I'm gonna do."

"But I don't even have lips!" Balrog whined.

"And then, I'm gonna...GOUGE your EYES out!" he continued, grinding his teeth together for emphasis. Sue, Toroko and Balrog were all whimpering and cowering with fear.

"Good. You scared, huh?" he taunted them. "NEXT...I'm gonna...TEAR your arms out of the sockets!!!" he yelled melodramatically, imitating the motion of someone yanking one's arm off with startling accuracy.

"And you wanna know what ELSE?" he continued. "I'm gonna Hit'cha." he said, punching the air, "and you're gonna fall."

"And I'm gonna look down...AND I'M GONNA LAUGH...AS I PISS AND SHIT ALL OVER YOUR WRETCHED, STUPID, PITIFUL, WORTHLESS FUCKING BODIES!!!" he screamed at the top of his normally weak lungs, pointing a malicious finger at them.

"Don't you go anywhere! You stay right here. RIGHT on this SPOT...I'll be done in a second." he concluded, causing Sue and Toroko to piss their pants.

"WAIT! JACK! STOP! You forget that we're being possessed by an unseen force known as the Pen-Wielder! IT'S NOT OUR FAULT! Please don't kill us! We're very major characters!" Sue, Toroko and Balrog pleaded desperately, on their knees, begging like dogs.

"WHAT? Those pesky little twerps managed to break through my spell? IMPOSSIBLE! I must concentrate harder! JACK MUST SUFFER!" IM Meen sneered with a look of utter disappointment, scribbling dialogue furiously on the pages.

-> "Please don't kill us! We just wanted to have sex!" Sue and Toroko begged.

"With me?" Jack asked excitedly.

"Well, you're really, like, hot and all, but..."

"We're lesbian and we'd honestly prefer to have sex...WITH EACH OTHER!" Toroko and Sue explained.

"Uhh...how exactly does that even work again?" Jack asked; Balrog displayed a holographic diagram of two pairs of scissors scissoring each other to answer Jack's question. Jack just looked confused. "So the blades are supposed to represent the...LEGS? What the fuck?"

"ANYWAY," Sue and Toroko explained, "GOOD NIGHT!"

Right after the four of them all went to bed, Sue and Toroko and Balrog silently snuck out of the house and waited outside the window whose view led into the kitchen refrigerator.

"Do you think he'll do it tonight?" Sue whispered.

"Of COURSE he will! It's like CLOCKWORK!" Balrog replied, at which Sue and Toroko both chuckled.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness one of the eight wonders of the world." Balrog began, pointing his bat-shaped flying spy-cam toward himself.

"At about 11:30 PM, eastern standard time, through THIS window..." Balrog began to explain, casting a glance toward the window, "our buddy Jack will descend the staircase as he does every night for a glass of water."

"And he ain't, like, dressed, like, for the occasion, if you, like, know what I, like, mean." Toroko whispered into the camera, grinning smugly and trying very hard not to laugh.

"Heeheehee, yup! You heard right!" Balrog confirmed. "He's completely and utterly...NAAAKEED!!!"

"WITH NO CLOTHES ON!!!" Sue and Toroko over-excitedly and over-dramatically squealed like a pair of insanely rabid celebrity fangirls, their eyes star-speckled and sparkling like something out of an anime.

And so they videotaped Jack walking down a staircase naked. Not much to write home about, but for our adorably insane little troublemakers it was the best experience in the world. But then suddenly he turned around and saw them!

"Oh my God! He saw us!" the three troublesome mischief-makers screamed. "It's all over now!"

"This is illegal, you know." Jack scolded them.

"Why are you still wearing your glasses?" Sue asked.

"I'm a fucking nerd, god damn it! I can't see without my fucking glasses, god damn it!" Jack explained irritably. "What, did you think I was fuckin' sleepwalking or some shit? I already knew you fuckin' idiots were there to begin with! Seriously, WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? I give up! It's just no use! There's no way to fucking reason with you people, is there?" Jack ranted.

"I'M GAY!" Balrog yelled for no apparent reason.

"Well, that's good to know, I guess." Jack sighed. "Good night."

Jack decided to sneak into the basement and sleep down there that night, hoping that no one would find him and wake him up. For a long time, he was unable to sleep.

He could hear voices in his head, he felt like the walls were closing in on him, he thought he saw rats scampering around on the floor, and his right eye was nervously twitching as he stood up, pressing his body against the wall and extending his arms out to his sides.

Sure enough, Balrog crashed in through the ceiling. "HUZZAH!"

"God damn it, what do you fucking want from me, honestly?" Jack asked exasperatedly.

"Well, first of all, Sue and Toroko are about to start having nasty sex in the living room. You HAVE to see it! If you refuse then I'm gonna have to DRAG you up there!" Balrog explained enthusiastically.

"What's the other bad news?" Jack asked in a very snarky manner.

"If you're willing to screw me silly, then I'll try to leave you alone as much as possible in the process of taking you up there and forcing you to watch those queers scissor each other." Balrog explained.

"Getting even, are we? Very well, then..." Jack sighed as Balrog turned around so that his butt was facing in the general direction of Jack's dick.

TWENTY SECONDS LATER...

"There. Is that enough 'egg fuel' for you?" Jack asked disgustedly, wiping his crotch with tissues.

"Boy, you really jacked it, if you know what I mean! Cheeky boy..." Balrog giggled condescendingly.

Rolling his eyes, Jack very politely replied, "Fuck you."

"Good job." Balrog complimented Jack, drawing lips on Jack's mouth with the lipstick, to which Jack replied with a disapproving sneer. "Now could you please screw me in my glory hole, if you don't mind?" Balrog requested, lying on his back and spreading out his legs.

"Wait, WHAT?!" Jack yelled in pure shock and confusion. "You're a HERMAPHRODITE?!?"

"Let your probing do the talking." Balrog suggested.

As soon as Jack began, however, the glory hole chopped his dick right off, causing him to scream like a girl! "WHO IN THE SEVEN HELLS FUCKING DESIGNED THIS FUCKING BULLSHIT?!? THE DAMNED THING ATE MY FUCKING DICK RIGHT OFF!"

"Well, sorry, but that's what my glory hole does." Balrog explained. "Tastes yummy."

"Speaking of which..." Balrog continued as he tripped Jack over, grabbed him by the left leg, and observed the sole of his foot, "this thing you've got right here looks tasty too. NOM!"

"OWWWWW!!!" Jack screamed in pain as Balrog chomped his foot off and swallowed it whole. "Dude, what in the shit are you fucking doing? That's my god-damned FOOT! I fucking NEED it in order to WALK, you STUPID mother...FUCKING foot-fetishist bastard PIECE OF SHIT!" Jack screamed with rage.

"Alright, alright, I'll spit it out, you can have your lucky rabbit's foot back." Balrog agreed.

"However, in return...I think I'll have to eat your other foot."

"THAT MAKES NO FUCKING SENSE, YOU INSUFFERABLE DUMBASS!" Jack yelled, trying fruitlessly to get it through Balrog's thick mechanical skull.

"Okay, okay, I'll just give you a bionic replacement foot to ease the pain." Balrog explained, attaching the device to Jack's leg while IM Meen was busy sipping tea. As soon as IM Meen saw what had just happened, he spat out his drink and slapped himself.

"Damn, I'm such a fool!" IM Meen thought to himself. "I will not allow myself to be outsmarted by this PUNY, INSOLENT little creature. NOT ON MY WATCH!" And with that, he drank a glass of espresso and continued writing away like a lunatic.

-> Balrog busted the door open and carried Jack up the stairs into the living room, where Sue and Toroko were viciously entangled in the act of scissoring each other on the carpet.

"What. The. Fuck." Jack said blankly, with his jaw hanging wide open at the indescribable sight. "Is this shit seriously what Japanese fanfiction writers have come to?"

"WHAT?! I'm not Japanese, you pathetic foolish wimp! Get real!" IM Meen snarled, continuing to write like his own nonexistent life depended on it.

-> First, Sue and Toroko pooped into two separate cups. Then, they scraped the crust off of each other's vaginas and dropped it into the cups. Jack's stomach strength was seriously being pushed to its limits.

Next, Sue and Toroko spat, pissed, and hocked up their snot into each other's cups. Then, they picked out the sweaty lint (in laymen's terms: "toe jam") from in between each other's toes and added it into the mixture.

"Oh my god, I seriously can't hold out much longer. Is this seriously turning into 2 Mimiga Girls 1 Cup?" Jack asked in utter dismay.

"Yup." Balrog replied. "Too bad I forgot to bring the popcorn and 3-D glasses."

Finally, Sue and Toroko drank the mixtures from each other's cups, regurgitated them back into the cups in vomit form, switched cups with each other, drank them again and re-regurgitated them. Jack's face was literally turning blue from trying so hard not to puke.

"Oh my, what happened to your NOSE?" Balrog asked worriedly, noticing Jack's nosebleed.

"Oh, nothing, Balrog." Jack answered, checking it with his fingers. "Just an aneurysm out of sheer disgustingness."

Last but not least, the grand finale; Sue and Toroko reached into and dug around in each other's vaginas, ripped each other's ovaries out with their bare hands, and threw them into the mixtures. That did it.

Jack could no longer hold it in anymore. "OH, GOD, WHY? WHYYYYYYYYYYY?!?!?!" he screamed as he violently writhed around on the floor, puking so much that he literally couldn't stop and ended up slipping into unconsciousness for the rest of the night.

## Poor, Poor Jack

The next morning, Jack woke up in a daze, feeling as if he had just woken up from a hangover.

Seeing Sue and Toroko's fast-asleep bodies strewn on the floor, Jack approached them and thought, "What has this bastard done? WHAT HAS IM MEEN DONE?!", gently sobbing.

Right at that unfortunate moment, the police busted in through the front door, saw Jack's position in the crime scene, and immediately screamed "YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!"

"But...I saw it all! T-the blood on my hands...it was from my nosebleed!" Jack desperately tried to explain in the courtroom.

"We're not buying it!" the judge and the audience responded simultaneously. "GUILTY!!! The defendant is guilty!"

First, Jack was sent to the dreaded Tickler, a machine that mercilessly and unrelentingly tickled him right on his unfortunately large and sensitive soles for over ten minutes straight. "OH MY GAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAHD! PLEE-HEE-HEE-HEE-HEASE!!! STOP!!! I BEG OF YOU-HOO-HOO-HOO-HOO!!! STAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAHP!!!"

Then, he was thrown in jail, locked alone in a prison cell. For some odd reason, his cell had a refrigerator and a microwave in it. He decided to take advantage of this to express his inner torment.

"Thank you for taking the time to discuss my feelings, Jack." he began. "How do I feel? Well, perhaps this little puppet play I've written will explain."

"I am Jack." he introduced himself, grabbing the prison cell bars and weeping in defeat. "Woe is me for I am wrongfully imprisoned."

"I am Jack." he repeated. "Sad and unhappy am I without friends. BOO HOO! BOO HOO HOO HOO!" He blew a shitload of snot into his handkerchief and smeared it all over the floor.

"Emptiness wells up in my tortured soul." he explained. "I'm going to...I'm going to...BLEAUGH!" And with that, he puked all over the floor.

"I am Sue. I also am indeed BLEAUGH!" And with that, he got down on his knees, grabbed one of his cups and dumped a mixture of saliva, mucus, cornbread, toe jam, jelly, feces, marmite, vegemite, eggs, urine and vomit all over the floor.

"I'm just Toroko but I'm gonna barf too, and the MUSTARD, MUSTARD BARF, MUSTARD BARF!!!" he yelled spastically, dumping ketchup and mustard all over the floor like a complete maniac; at that exact moment, Jack's sanity officially snapped like a twig.

"BEHOLD the GOOEY SLOP of our SORROW!" he yelled melodramatically, taking huge scoops of the mixture on the floor and smearing them all over his face with his hands.

"It is...SLOBBER...DAMMERÜNG!"

"The TWILIGHT of the CONDIMENTS!!!" he yelled, uncovering his face and gazing up toward the heavens, his eyes soaked with tears. "WEEP for them, WEEP FOR THEIR SORROW-HO-HOHO-HOHH!!!" he wailed right before dunking his entire face into the mixture puddle.

"Why, yes, Jack, my delicate psyche has come horribly unglued! Geez, I sure do wonder what made you say that!" Jack said sarcastically to himself. "ROSES! RED! FLOWERS! HAHA! HA! HA! Haah...man, if only someone would just come and rescue me already...I really want this story to end..."

And then all of a sudden, Balrog crashed right in through the ceiling with a resounding "OH YEAH!!!", but then Jack just collapsed onto him and hugged him, bawling his eyes out in the process.

"Hey, don't cry all over me!" Balrog scolded him. "Your tears will make my metal rust!"

"S-so...you're n-not h-here to...to...to try t-to prison r-rape me up t-the ass...?" Jack stuttered nervously.

"Well, actually, yes I am, but..."

"Okay, you know what? I'm beginning to get very tired of writing this, and I think I have a serious bathroom emergency. I think I'm going to just take a break for a few seconds..." IM Meen thought to himself.

"Wait...where is the bathroom? WHERE IS THE BATHROOM? WHERE IS THE BATHROOM? WHERE IS THE BATHROOM? WHERE IS THE BATHROOM? WHERE IS THE BATHROOM?" he frantically repeated over and over again like a broken record as he pointlessly tried to find the nonexistent bathroom in Mimiga Village.

-> While IM Meen was distracted from writing his story, Balrog suddenly fully remembered who he was. "OH MY GOD, WHY IN THE HELL AM I DRESSED AS A WOMAN?!?" he screamed.

"Shh...calm down." Jack reassured him. "We just need to get back to Sue and Toroko's house pronto! It's only a few seconds from here for crying out loud! Do you think you can fly us over there?"

"Sure thing, partner!" Balrog agreed with a proud smile.

TWELVE SECONDS LATER...

"OH MY EVER-LOVING GOD, IT HURTS! IT HURRRRRRTS!!!" Sue wailed in pain.

"WHY IS MY VAGINA BLEEDING?!?" Toroko cried.

"Shh...calm down, children." Balrog instructed them. "Papa's here to save you. Hold on tight!"

And with those famous last words, Balrog took flight with all three kids clinging onto him for dear life as he went up higher and higher and higher into the sky. It was like the Apollo space shuttle all over again.

"Ah, there's my bloody pen." IM Meen said to himself with relief. "Now to just..."

Right when IM Meen was about to start writing in the book again, Balrog and his new friends literally broke the fourth wall, busting a hole right through the page and hitting IM Meen smack-dab in the face.

"I...I GIVE UP!" IM Meen wailed, getting down on his chest, throwing his arms onto Jack's feet and begging to him like a total coward. "PLEASE SPARE ME! I'll do anything! ANYTHING! Just PLEASE have MERCY! PLEASE! I BEG OF YOU!" he begged and pleaded, kissing and licking



Jack's feet.

"Why does everyone seem to have the exact same weird-ass fetish around here?" Jack wondered to himself as he kicked IM Meen in the face.

At that exact moment, Quote and Curly arrived to pick the kids up.

"STOP RIGHT THERE, PERVERT!" Curly yelled at IM Meen.

"You no-good, good-for nothing pedophile!" Quote scolded him redundantly.

"Um, Quote?" Jack asked, tapping Quote.

"Yes, son?" Quote replied.

"Could I borrow your spare laser gun?" Jack asked.

"You mean my spare Spur?" Quote asked.

"Yes." Jack answered.

"Sure. Just be careful with it." Quote replied, tossing it to him. "Remember, it only hurts bad guys. Like that damned creep IM Meen for example."

"Guys, after him!" Sue and Toroko yelled. "He's getting away!"

"Oh, shit, he's using the teleporter!" Quote suddenly realized. "Jack, where does the teleporter monitor say he went?"

"The repaired Egg Corridor." Jack answered. "LET'S GO!"

Quote, Curly, Jack, Balrog, Toroko, and Sue, all six of them, chased IM Meen all the way through the Egg Corridor and had him trapped on the edge of the Outer Wall balcony. There was simply no escape now.

"I'MA FIRIN' MAH LAZER- actually, you know what? I think that being shot with a giant laser beam is actually way too cool of a death for THIS low-life scumbag." Jack suddenly realized.

"Do you want to know how pissed I am at you right now, Mr. I Am Mean?" Jack snarled.

"Uhh...really angry?" IM Meen guessed pathetically.

"GUESS AGAIN!" Jack yelled at him, pinning him down onto the floor. "How about angry enough to do THIS!?!"

And with that, he sliced and diced the shit out of IM Meen's shit-eating face with his claws until there was basically no skin left, and then pushed him off the cliff.

"Good riddance." he spat as IM Meen fell to his well-deserved death. "High five, everybody!"

In conclusion:

Toroko, Sue and Jack officially developed a phobia of yuri pairings.

Toroko, Sue and Jack were all taken off of the deserted floating island and dropped off at the surface, where they all lived generally happy and peaceful lives.

Balrog learned how not to show that he's gay.

Quote and Curly engaged in robot marriage.

And IM Meen died. The end.

# Meen Awakening

## Fanfictionception 2: Jack's Bizarre Adventure

While falling to what appeared to be his death, I.M.Meen secretly pulled out an umbrella that he had hidden inside the crotch part of his pants and used it as a parachute to float down to the surface unharmed.

"Those little buggers think they can outsmart the great and powerful sorcerer I.M.Meen?!" he scoffed. "I AM THE MOST POWERFUL MAGICIAN IN THE-" At that exact moment, he got struck by lightning.

"AHHahhAHHahhAHHahh!" he screamed as he got into skydiving position. "You may have outsmarted me this time, JACK...but I'll be BACK! I.M.Meen...never quits! YOU'LL SEE!!!!!!!"

Luckily, he landed on a giant mattress that someone had apparently just randomly left lying around in the forest, but then the mattress bounced him into the lake right next to it!

"GRR! You got mud on my suit...OH MY GOD, MY FACE, IT BURNS, IT BURNS!!!" he moaned irritably as he brushed himself off and spat out the water. "Hmm? What's this? It seems like I just randomly coughed up a fish. Well, might as well eat it, I suppose." And so Meen used his magic powers to cook the fish and eat it.

"Damnit, why must the weather be so insufferably rainy today?" he groaned. "I suppose moods really are contagious after all..."

ONE DAY LATER...

After being chased and hunted by a bear and a snake among other things, Meen finally reached the nearest outpost of human civilization, a large city called Quotopolis.

"Well, what do you know? That little pipsqueak Quote has one hell of an ego!" Meen chuckled. "I'll bet that some of his rabbit friends are also living here...heeheeheehee..."

AT QUOTOPOLIS HIGH SCHOOL...

"GEEZ! It sure is boring around here." Jack grumbled.

"My boy, this education is what all true warriors strive for!" Curly Brace explained; after all, she was the teacher of Jack's history and science class.

"Isn't she just the coolest teacher ever?" Sue whispered in Jack's ear.

"Yes, yes, I know..." Jack groaned. "I just wonder what I.M.Meen is up to..."

"WHAT? I.M.Meen? Didn't we already defeat that sick bastard?" Sue responded with surprise.

"You never know...he might have had a parachute or something." Jack explained. "And if that crazy motherfucker comes back, we might not be able to beat him this time."

"Yeah, you're right!" Sue agreed, nodding her head. "Not only that, but he's also the reason why

our good friend Toroko is stuck in the hospital with severe vaginal infection after what I unwillingly did to her under his control! Just thinking about that one moment scares the ever-loving shit out of me!"

"Yeah, me too." Jack replied. "Please don't make me vomit in the middle of class again..."

"...And that's how the United States of America got their first vice president." Curly finished. "Um, hello? Was anyone paying attention here? Raise your hand if you have something to add to this wonderfully exciting discussion, please!"

Balrog raised his hand. "Yes, Balrog?"

"I LIKE TURTLES!" Balrog answered.

"Yes you do, Balrog, yes you do." Curly sighed as the entire class snickered.

IN MATH CLASS...

"Alright, high school juniors, here's a practice problem." Quote addressed the class.

"What is 5 times 2 divided by one quarter of the cube root of 8 plus the square root of 4 minus 2 times 7 minus 6?" Quote asked. "You have one minute to give me the answer without taking notes. Come on, now, don't be shy."

"Uhh...TOASTED PENIS DONUTS!" Balrog blurted out.

"Alright, now let's try and get an answer from someone who's not a complete retard." Quote scolded him, giving him the evil eye.

"I think I know the answer, Mr. Quote!" Jack butted in, raising his hand high up in the air. "NEENEENEENEENEENEENEENE!" Misery mocked him.

"SHUT UP, witch girl!" Sue yelled at her.

"HEY! Don't call me a WITCH, you fuckin' WHORE!" Misery yelled back at Sue, gritting her teeth angrily. Everyone in the class gasped with shocked expressions on their faces.

"Misery, did you just say the F-word?" Quote asked her.

"Fuck?" Misery asked.

"Yeah, he's talking about fuck! You can't say fuck in school, you fuckin' psychopath!" Sue responded.

"SUE!" Quote yelled at her.

"Fuck."

"MISERY!"

"Duck."

"BALROG!"

"Fuck."

"JACK!"

"What's the big deal? It doesn't hurt anybody! FUCK FUCKITY FUCK FUCK FUCK!" Misery teased.

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO SEE THE SCHOOL COUNSELOR?" Quote yelled at her, pointing his finger at the exit door.

"How would you like to suck my BALLS?" Misery responded fearlessly.

"WHAT DID YOU SAY?" Quote yelled at her, shocked beyond belief.

"Oh, oh, I'm sorry." Misery apologized, readjusting her skirt. "What I said was..." At that exact moment, she cupped her hands over her mouth and used her magic power to channel her voice in a way similar to a megaphone.

"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE...to SUCK my BALLS, Mr. Quote?" Misery finished, jumping onto the top of her desk and pulling her pants down right in front of the class.

Quote was left utterly speechless and was just standing there frozen with shock, like someone who had just read a really bad Human X Gardevoir fanfic.

"Holy shit, dude." Sue whispered, her eyes wide open in disbelief at what she just saw. "That's gotta be at least the fourth time you've been sent to the principal's office..."

"Yeah right, more like the FIFTH..." Jack thought to himself as Misery got carried off to the principal's office by human resources.

"Anyway, speaking of balls, whoever raises his or her hand and answers this problem correctly first after I say 'go' gets to write the next problem on the board." Quote explained.

"Ready...get set...GO!"

Jack immediately raised his hand. "Ooo! Me me me!"

"Yes, Jack?" Quote sighed.

"Two!" Jack answered excitedly. "It's two! Yay! I know it cause I'm so smart!" he gloated.

"Hey, I knew the answer too, you know." Sue pointed out, giving Jack the evil eye. "So did everyone else, I'll bet."

"Uhh...MASHED POTATO CORN DOG CHICKEN LEG SUNDAE!" Balrog screamed maniacally.

"I stand corrected..." Sue sighed, shrugging her shoulders.

"Anyway, now that I'm done rolling my oh-so-precious eyeballs, I'd like to tell you all about a different problem of mine. Something that isn't related to math!" Jack explained to the class. "Is that alright with you, Quote?"

"Sure, go right on ahead." Quote agreed, nodding his head. "We've only got about five minutes left in the period anyways."

"Ahem..." Jack cleared his throat. "I've been writing this song for a while now, and I'd like you all to listen, if you don't mind. Well, here goes!"

"Now, here's a cave story, all about how my life got flipped-turned upside down!  
And I'd like to take a minute, just feeling swell!  
I'll tell you how I became the victim of fanfiction hell!

In Mimiga Island, born and raised, in the village is where I spent most of my days!  
Hanging out, pointing my finger all day,  
And all guarding some graveyard, whatever they say!

When a pedophile, who was up to no good,  
Started makin' trouble in my neighborhood!  
We didn't do anything, but the man was a dick!  
He said, "My name is I.M.Meen and my mind is so sick!

I begged and pleaded for him to let me out,  
But he packed my suitcase and sent me on my way.  
Sue gave me a kiss and then she gave me my ticket,  
I put my glasses on, and said, "I might as well kick it!"

Holy shit, man, it was bad.  
Eatin' from a place called Diarrhea Bell?!?  
Is this what the people of New York live like?  
HMMMMMMMM. This might be alright.

But wait, I hear they're slutty, disgusting and shit,  
Is Detroit the type of place they send this poor kid?  
I don't think so, It's hurting my poor brain;  
I hope they're prepared when I'm driven insane.

Well, Balrog told me, and lo and behold,  
There was a girl who was clearly Sue scissoring with Toroko!  
I don't wanna watch 2 Girls 1 Cup Rule 34!  
I puked with the sickness and I fell on the floor!

I woke up in a house and it was a dump;  
My friends became as useful as a donkey rump!  
If anything I could say I was there to stay  
But I thought, nah forget it, there's always a way!

We busted out there, it was easy as pie,  
And I yelled to the asshole, 'Yo Meen, time to die!'  
I was so happy, I was finally out;  
Torturing me was all the book was about!"

Everyone clapped for him, even Balrog, who had just gotten his CPU back into order. "Oh yeah, that's right, I was the creepy-ass crossdresser in that story!"

"Balrog, when will you understand that they're laughing AT you rather than WITH you?" Quote sighed.

"Thank you for cramming that delightful image of you biting my dick off with your vagina into my BRAIN, Balrog." Jack sarcastically complimented him.

"You're welcome!" Balrog replied with a smile. "Also, remember how I bit your foot off all sexy-like and then replaced it with a cool robotic foot? And then I let you keep your old foot as a lucky

rabbit's foot?"

"Oh yeah..." Jack remembered. "I originally had a plan to literally shove my disembodied foot up I.M.Meen's ass before I clawed the skin off of his face and pushed him off the cliff, but for some reason I forgot to do it. I'll remember to do it this time, I promise."

"Yay! You can never go wrong with senseless violence!" Balrog happily cheered, bouncing up and down like a kindergartener. "When I grow up, I wanna turn into Godzilla and knock all the buildings down! It'll be just like playing with all those adorable little toy blocks, except bigger, because bigger is always better! Oh my God, I'm so smart and mature now!"

"AHHG-"

"What's wrong, Jack?" Sue asked worriedly.

"Do you need to see the nurse?" Quote asked, wiping Jack's nosebleed with a tissue.

"Oh, it's nothing." Jack explained. "Just an aneurysm out of sheer stupidity."

"One day, I wanna go to Venus and build a snowman there." Balrog commented.

Jack screamed in agony, accidentally spraying blood all over Sue's face, and ended up being taken to the nurse, where he ended up having to get a transfusion.

"Oh my God, this is so gross...but at the same time, SO BEAUTIFUL!!" Sue thought to herself; she had way too big of a crush on Jack for her own good.

"Sue, for fuck's sake, quit fantasizing, go to the bathroom and wash your face." Quote instructed her.

"You mean like this?" she asked, licking all over her face with her tongue. Everyone in the room ran screaming to the windows and puked. "What? It's perfectly normal! Nothing fetishistic about it!" Sue argued, crossing her arms over her chest.

"You...you're a vampire caveman from Mars!" Balrog accused her.

"She's a WOMAN!" the class corrected him, glancing over at him frustratedly.

"Well, how was I supposed to know, huh?" Balrog asked, shrugging his shoulders.

"Hey, guys, what'd I miss?" Jack greeted the class as he walked back in with tissues sticking out of his nose.

"GIVE ME THOSE TISSUES!" Sue yelled, lunging onto Jack's body, pinning him down flat onto the floor and yanking his tissues out forcefully.

"Ugh...what now?" Jack asked groggily and dizzily, with his glasses askew. "I knew I should've gotten more sleep last night."

"Why didn't you?" Sue asked.

"NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!" Jack yelled. "Would you stop asking me that? A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, okay? Leave me alone!"

"How could I ever part with someone as...DELICIOUSLY handsome and beautifully attractive as you?" Sue began rabidly drooling from her mouth.

"EW, YUCK, STOP IT ALREADY!" Jack pleaded her to stop. "For crying out loud, you're drooling all over my god-damned glasses! I don't wanna get a frickin' eye infection, you know! Also...your breath smells like fish tacos."

"Well, that's good, because I WAS HONESTLY THINKING ABOUT EATING THESE WONDERFULLY DECORATED KETCHUP-FLAVORED NAPKIN CAKES FOR DESSERT!" Sue screamed maniacally in his face. "OM NOM NOM NOM NOM!" she yelled as she shredded the napkins with her razor-sharp canine teeth and swallowed them.

"She must have eaten the roses outside or some shit..." Jack thought to himself. "God damn it, man, seriously, I EXPLICITLY TOLD her NEVER to pull that shit again!"

"Oh, you found my photo album book of you!" Sue suddenly noticed, snatching the book out of his hands. "Touch the book."

"LICK THE BOOK..." she psychotically chanted to herself, ogling the pages rather excessively with bloodshot eyes while simultaneously foaming at the mouth with excitement.

"Lick the book, lick the book, lick the book, lick the book, lick the book, lick the book. Book, book, book, book...yeah, I haven't read it either. Girls with ADHD, they aren't good readers." Sue rambled for no apparent reason.

"Well, why don't you just FUCK THE BOOK, then?!" Jack snapped at her, snatching the steel-plated hardcover book out of her hands and clonking her in the forehead with it, causing her to pass out.

"Okay, seriously, what in the seven HELLS was that shit about?" Jack wondered. "I never thought Sue could turn out to be such a creepy-ass stalker!"

"I think there's something wrong with her." Quote pointed out. "She acted as if she was a vampire or something. Let's check her teeth and see."

To everyone's immediate horror, Sue had curved razor-sharp canine teeth!

"I have a feeling that that I.M.Meen person I was talking about before might have something to do with this..." Jack explained.

"What should we do?" Quote wondered.

"I know!" Balrog piped up. "Let's make a nice big ice cream shop on the moon with ketchup-flavored teddy bears and licorice lollipops! Don't forget the garlic..."

"Unless you're starving in Africa, YOU NEED...to SHUT! the FUCK! UP!" Jack yelled at him, pointing his finger at him for emphasis. "Seriously!"

"Wait a minute, that's it!" Quote realized. "Could the illustrator please insert a lightbulb effect right above my head like...so? There, perfect."

"Anyway, as utterly...mentally defective as Balrog is, he didn't fail to mention garlic!" Quote explained. "Whether it was intentional or not, I have no idea..."

"But where are we gonna find GARLIC around here?" Jack asked, scratching his head.

"That's a good question, BOOKWORM!" a strangely familiar voice taunted him, stepping in through the doorway; Jack turned around to see who it was.



"OH MY GOD, IT'S HIM!" the entire class screamed.

## **I. M. Meen Indeed**

"Hello, my beautifully pathetic and arrogant children." Meen sarcastically greeted them, causing many a sneer from his disapproving audience.

"BOO!" Balrog yelled, causing Meen to shoot him a nasty death glare in return. "What? I was just trying to scare you."

"Anyway, as I was saying, JACK..." Meen began, bowing before his majestic audience of average high-schoolers, "Today's lesson is about the dangers of being TOO SMART for your own GOOD! I HOPE YOU'RE PAYING ATTENTION, BOOKWORM!"

To punctuate his remark, he literally took a stomach-jab at Jack with the teacher's pointer.

"Nice to see you again, FUCKWAD!" Meen greeted him in a faux-friendly manner, punching him in the arm insanely hard. "It's nice to have an innocent, BASEMENT-DWELLING, SCUM-SUCKING, GLASSES-WEARING, INTERNET-USING, LIFE-ENJOYING, sweet little BASTARD child to torment yet again for my own amusing self-pleasure! WAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!! Have fun, you little wanker!"

"Why, you big fat piece of horse manure!" Jack yelled at him, clubbing him in the face with Sue's unforgettably disturbing photo-album book.

"WRETCHED CHILD! YOU RUINED MY BEAUTIFUL FACIAL HAIR! Now you're going to PAY!" Meen screamed at him, kicking him in the balls and throwing him all the way across the length of the classroom.

"Boy, that'll leave a mark on Santa's naughty list..." Balrog commented.

"Do you ever shut up?" Quote asked him.

"Did you ever talk in Cave Story?" Balrog asked him back.

"Well...holy shit, you got me there." Quote replied, giving him a high-five.

"What's this stupid thing?" Meen angrily demanded to know, grabbing Sue's "book" off of the floor. "Ah, it's your WIDDLE MISS GIRLFWIEND making out with you, ISN'T IT?" he noticed as he flipped through each page of nauseatingly mushy love letters and photos of Jack (luckily, there were only a few stealthily taken photos of his penis hidden in there).

"Ohh, JACK AND SUUUE, SHITTING IN A TREE! K-I-S-S-I-N-G!!!" he yelled, throwing the book at Jack so hard that it actually left a small crack in the wall.

"Oh, I SEE HOW IT IS! YOU LITTLE SHIT! You think you're SO FUCKING AMAZING that you can just dodge ANYTHING, HMMMMM?! So THAT'S how it's gonna be, EH?! Well then, I suppose TWO can play at THAT game, Mr. GOODY-GOODY TWO SHOES!" I.M.Meen mocked him relentlessly, blowing a strawberry and getting ready to break out into song again.

"Oh, for fuck's sake, why do you NEED so many god-damned versions of your frickin' theme song? We've heard it enough times already, ass-face." Jack complained.

"Good point, you fucking GOOD-FOR-NOTHING GOODY-GOOD FUCK-FACE SHIT SLIME!" Meen snapped back at him. "However, I'M THE VILLAIN! Therefore, I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT! NAH-NAH-NANAH-NAAAH!!!"

"How old is he?" Balrog asked Quote.

"As far as maturity goes, I'd say he's probably at least negative five." Quote replied.

"I HEARD THAT, you little diaper-wearing, monkey-faced, crayon-doodling, snot-nosed, baby bratty SCAMPS!" Meen yelled at them to hide his own insecurity.

"Anyway, here goes." Meen began. "Are you following me, camera slave?"

"Yes..." Balrog replied, readjusting the camera angle. "Oh my god, this shit is gonna get so many views on Youtube..." Quote and Balrog whispered to each other, giggling.

"AHM." Meen silenced them. "Once you two are done gibber-gabbering and gossiping like a pair of spoiled rotten little schoolgirls, let's begin! Cue the lights!"

And just like that, Meen broke out into his infamous song for at least the gazillionth fucking time.

"Oh, LOOK, what scary GLASSES!  
See them SPARKLE, like a GAY!  
How I hate those nerdy birdies!  
Blow them up like Michael Bay!

I've got a little SECRET, I bet YOU know what it is!  
It's a NASTY kind of anger, from a SPECIAL kind of wiz!

This Sue is made to order, but she isn't feeling well!  
When she opens up her eyes, you're going straight to Hell!  
It's the most unpleasant place you've EVER seen!  
Remember that my name is I.M.Meen!

Go ahead and start your CRYING!  
I'll be happy WHEN YOU'RE DYING!  
The fun just never ends with I.M.Meeee-hee-heehee-hee-heen!!!"

"Hey, you leave your filthy hands off of my fucking girlfriend!" Jack yelled at him.

"Bite me." I.M.Meen replied; this time, he was really making Jack want to strangle and murder him with his bare hands. "Ta ta!" he teased the classroom as he teleported away, right when Jack was about to go and grab his neck.

"Damnit!" Quote cursed. "This time we're gonna have to take drastic measures!"

"I'll bet I have the longest cock in here." Balrog replied with a smirk.

"You don't even have one. Shut the hell up." Misery reminded him, coming back into the room all of a sudden.

"This looks like a job for..." Quote began.

"Superman?" Balrog asked.

"I wish." Quote replied. "No, this is a job for...the Quote & Friends Super Justice League Ultimate

Battle Squad Omega Super Ultra Mega Awesome Super Attack Team Squad League Thing!"

"HA! Gaaay!" Balrog responded, cupping his hands over his mouth for dramatic effect.

"Can we please just call it Quote & Allies rather than QAFSJLUBSOSUMASATSLT or whatever the hell that random shit was?" Misery requested. "You do realize that the abbreviation for what you just said is at least TWENTY letters long, right?"

"Sorry, I'm not very good at coming up with names." Quote explained. "Alright, we're going to the Quote-Cave!"

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"Hey, wait a minute, this is the First Cave!"

A FEW MORE MINUTES LATER...

"Ahh, here we are." Quote said with relief. "The Bat- err, I mean, Quote-Cave."

## Fecal Matters

INSIDE THE QUOTE-CAVE...

"Wow, this place is HUGE!" Balrog marveled at all the bland rocky scenery surrounding him. "Oh my God, look at this place, it's so amazing! Look, look, LOOK, YOU CAN EVEN SEE WATER SLOWLY DRIPPING DOWN THE WALL! OH MY GOD IT'S SO FREAKING GENIUS NYEEURRGHH-" Balrog screamed with wonder and excitement as he started writhing on the floor like a monkey on various types of cocaine mixed with sugar.

"JIZZ IN THE PANTS! BUFFALO SUBWAY, I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!" he continued rambling at the top of his lungs while having a spastic hyperactive seizure from sensory overload. "IT'S WHAT...I STARTED! WAYIAEMILUHR!!!"

"The scary part is, he isn't even being sarcastic right now." Misery explained.

"Umm...actually, yes I am." Balrog replied.

"Are you being sarcastic right now while saying that?" Misery asked him.

"Yes." Balrog answered.

"See?" Misery explained.

"Anyway, here's the Quote-Computer-"

"EEYOOM!!"

"What the fuck was that noise?" Misery wondered.

"Just a sound I make randomly when I'm bored or passing gas." Balrog explained.

"Let's hope it's not the latter- OH MY GOD, IT SMELLS LIKE A BAT CAVE IN HERE! EVERYBODY GET OUT!!" Misery, Jack and Quote were choking and coughing from the awful smell produced by Balrog's oily mechanical flatulence gas.

"Jesus Christ, I'm seriously running out of air here!" Quote stammered as the three of them ran along the bridge to the cave's entrance. "Whew, thank God, we made it just in time!"

"Balrog, in the name of all that is technological, scientific and biological, WHAT IN THE HELL DID YOU FUCKING EAT?" Jack asked.

"All I had to eat today was one measly can of Hormel Chili and Bubble Bub soda." Balrog sobbed.

"You think YOU'VE got it bad? YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE A NOSE!" Jack pointed out.

"What?" Balrog responded. "I've got the nose of a clever African terrorist!"

"Yes," Misery clarified, "he has both the nose AND the brain of a crazy-ass sand nigger."

"Sometimes I wish he had a nose so that I could punch him in it..." Quote muttered under his breath. "Hey, look, there's Curly over there! We're gonna go over there and see her, so...Jack and

Balrog? You two stay put, alright? We'll be back in just a second." Quote explained, leaving Jack all alone with Balrog.

"Psst! Hey, Jack!" Balrog whispered in Jack's ear.

"WHAT IS IT?!?" Jack growled with more than a hint of annoyance.

"I've got a new fetish I'd like to test out on you, if you don't mind." Balrog whispered, grinning evilly.

Upon hearing this outrageously terrifying news, Jack screamed like a girl, swung himself all the way around into the opposite direction, and made a run for it.

Along the way, he passed by several larger-than-life cardboard cutouts depicting a psychotic glasses-wearing turtle, some kind of anthropomorphic frog things living in a toaster, a pissed-off slug dude, and an ambiguously gay duo of lizards. (Well, fuck, I don't know how else to describe it.)

Unfortunately, he ended up hitting a dead end in the alleyway between two building, where Balrog had turned himself giant using steroids and had actually been waiting there to fall on top of Jack like a domino. "WHAT THE FU- OOF! Luckily, my glasses are nigh-indestructible..."

"Uh uh uh!" Balrog teased him. "Enough with the pointless exposition. It's fetish-quenching time!"

"Why not simply quench your thirst by drinking Gatorade?" Jack suggested.

"ENOUGH WITH THE BLASTED PRODUCT PLACEMENT TOO!" Balrog yelled. "I'M LOOKING AT YOU, WRITER!"

"Anyway," Balrog continued, "the fetish I am about to quench right now is actually none other than...my shit fetish! Pardon my unnecessary language."

"Wait, so...all I have to do is poop into your fat stupid pie-hole?" Jack asked. "Heh, that oughta be easy. I hope you're not lying to get attention here, cause this is gonna be some nasty shit right here..."

"Oh, no! Not THAT kind of scat fetish!" Balrog corrected him. "In Soviet Russia, my fat stupid pie-hole poops into YOU!"

Suddenly, Quote, Curly and Misery heard a familiar voice screaming at the top of its lungs.

"Huh? Is that Jack's voice I just heard? We better go check on him and Balrog..." Curly recommended.

"Please! Your omnipotence! Have MERCY!" Jack begged. "Your shit tastes worse than brown moldy broccoli! Please, NO MORE, NO MORE!" he cried helplessly, trapped underneath Balrog's immense weight.

"For God's sake, I'm literally SUFFOCATING down here! I'm gonna DIE because of your stupid ass! Hell, you can even try to shove me UP your ass for all I care, but please don't force-feed your fecal excrement into my god-damned mouth!" he pleaded desperately, waving his arms and legs wildly as if he was trying to make a snow angel on the concrete.

"Eat it! EAT IT!!!" Balrog forced him, taking a huge, nasty diarrhea dump into his mouth. It was so gross that Jack actually started to feel dizzy. "Sweet Jesus, why must I always be on the shitty

end of the fetish stick?" Jack thought to himself.

Just then, Quote and company found the two of them right there in the alleyway.

"HEY! STOP WHAT YOU'RE DOING THIS INSTANT! THAT'S DISGUSTING!" all three of them yelled at Balrog.

"Oh, sorry." Balrog apologized, letting Jack free at last.

"You poor little thing..." Curly sympathized, attempting to give Jack a big hug.

"Please don't squeeze me." Jack warned her. "I'm about to puke. Like, A LOT. Could you lift me up onto the side of the dumpster, please?"

"Sure thing, pal!" Curly agreed. Hanging onto the edge of the dumpster with his arms and lightly pressing his stomach against it, he hurled bricks like Toroko on a roid rage.

"Damn, what did you do to that poor son of a gun?" Quote asked him. "Don't you think he's gone through more than enough societal abuse already?"

"Uhh, what does 'societal' mean?" Balrog asked.

"I've had enough of your SHIT, Balrog!" Jack yelled, grabbing a lead pipe off of the ground and beating the shit out of Balrog, hoping to knock some sense into him. "Friendship...is...magic-"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Jack yelled, roundhouse-kicking him in the face and knocking him over.

"Candy, lollipops and...rainbows, underwear...BZZT!" Suddenly, a blue screen message appeared on Balrog's eyes.

Windows

Balrog.exe has temporarily stopped working due to blunt force.

Windows 98, the program which Balrog.exe runs on, has evidently crashed due to being an obsolete and outdated discharge of fecal matter. This is everyone's fault but ours.

\* Press any key to terminate the current application.

\* Press CTRL+ALT+DEL again to restart your companion. You will lose any unsaved brain cells in all applications.

Press any key to continue.

"Fucking Windows 98!" Misery snarled. "Guess I'll just have to use my magic to fix him, then." She zapped Balrog with a lightning bolt, hoping that that would work.

"Damnit, it didn't even do anything!" Misery groaned. "Kid, you got any money on you?" Jack turned his pockets inside out to show how broke he was.

"Hmm...looks like you and Curly will have to fix this." she suggested.

SO MANY HOURS LATER THAT THE OLD NARRATOR GOT TIRED OF WAITING AND THEY HAD TO HIRE A NEW ONE...

"Oh my freaking God..." Curly muttered. "This is, like, totally borderline impossible..."

"I've tried everything. EVERYTHING, I tell you! It's just no use! MICROSOFT, WHAT IN THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!" Jack moaned. "DAMN YOU TO HELL, MICROSOFT! DAMN YOUUU!!!"

"My eyes are oilshot! My hair is an entangled mess!" Curly moaned.

"The bags under my eyes have bags underneath them!" Jack groaned.

"Would you two SHUT UP!? I'm trying to masturbate in here!" Misery yelled.

After finally figuring out how to reconnect and reconfigure Balrog's pre-modular post-modular electro-sesquipedalian loquacious transistors, automatic circumcisers and the like, Curly and Jack reassembled Balrog's body and collapsed onto his chest while Quote and Misery slept in tents. It was 12:43 AM at that moment, and for each hour they slept, the loading percentage for Balrog's rebooting process increased by about 12%.

FIVE HUNDRED MINUTES LATER...

"HUZZAH!" Balrog triumphantly greeted everyone as he flipped himself back up onto his feet, sending Curly and Jack flying.

"See? I knew he would make a good alarm clock." Misery quipped.

"Okay, so, according to the research I did in the Quote-Cave while you four were busy sleeping last night, Meen is actually waiting for us at the clock tower." Quote explained. "I don't know why, but he is."

"Did he kidnap Sue?" Jack asked. "If he did, I'm gonna be really angry."

"Yeah, he did..." Quote answered, shivering a little. "And yes, he turned her into a vampire."

"How?" Curly asked.

"What, did he make her stare at the full moon or something?" Balrog asked.

"That's how you turn people into WEREWOLVES, you insufferable imbecile!" Misery scolded him, smacking him lightly with her staff.

"No, I'm afraid he made her eat the roses in the school garden." Jack explained.

"WHAT?! But I thought that the whole 'red flowers' thing was a thing of the past!" Quote stammered, shocked.

"Well, so is Windows 98." Jack pointed out.

"I don't get it." Balrog responded blankly.



## Chuck Gnorris

"Anyway, we're heading out there." Quote concluded. "Is everyone ready?"

Quote was met with a resounding "YES", and they all took off in Quote's Quote-Mobile.

As it turned out, the clock tower was actually Meen's labyrinth fortress!

"How could he build something like this so quickly?" Curly wondered.

"Magic." Misery replied.

The labyrinth was full of monsters, which Meen referred to as his "guardians."

"WELCOME, GOODY-GOODIES!" Meen sarcastically greeted them. "I hope you're enjoying your whirlwind tour of my labyrinth, HMMMMMM?"

"HA! Gaaay!" Balrog joked.

"GRR! You are beginning to ANNOY me!" Meen growled. "My guardians will be happy to escort you...into a cozy CELL! HAHAHA HA HA HA!!" Meen laughed. "Chop chop!" And with that, he teleported out of there in a puff of rainbow-colored smoke.

"So, here we are...the first floor." Quote thought to himself out loud.

Suddenly, Quote saw a group of giant spiders heading directly toward them. "OH MY GOD! SPIDERS! PUNCH EM!"

And so they PUNCHED the living crap out of a bunch of spiders. Not an ideal way to kill them, but it worked.

With Balrog's brawn, Jack's bravery, Curly's brains, Quote's leadership and Misery's attitude, the five of them made it through the first two floors with relative ease.

"STOP right there!" Meen commanded them, suddenly appearing in front of them. "I don't think it's fair that all five of you worthless cretins are fighting my guardians at once."

"What are you gonna do about it, Fancy-Pants?" Misery taunted.

"Simple. All I have to do is snap my fingers, and all of you except for Jack will be teleported into random prison cells scattered throughout this labyrinth." Meen explained. "I bet you a MILLION bucks that you will never be able to rescue them all in time before you're DEAD! HA HA HA! But of course, sacrifices must be made."

"I'm gonna kick your ass, m'kay?" Jack threatened him.

"HA! YOU? Kick MY ass? I'd like to see you TRY." Meen taunted, causing Jack to lunge at him with lead pipe in hand.

"UH UH UHH!" Meen teased him, teleporting and reappearing on the other side of the room. "You know, you are such an insolent little scamp, you know that?"

"Says YOU, pointy-head." Jack bit back.

"Oh, SAYS YOU, smart-ass! I'm not letting some scrawny little BOOKWORM become the monkey wrench interfering with my brilliant plans!" Meen countered. "You can keep going through these seemingly endless stone corridors for as long as you please, but you'll NEVER survive long enough to beat ME! I'm SURE of it!" Meen continued to boast.

"Say goodbye to those little FRIENDS of yours!" Meen chuckled, snapping his fingers and imprisoning all four of Jack's allies. "They only served mainly for comedic purposes anyway."

"Oh, look who's talking!" Jack snapped at him.

"Resistance is futile and childish, young bookworm. Ta ta!" Meen concluded, teleporting back to his dwelling place on the top floor.

"Damn that sick, ugly, grey-haired old fuck!" Jack cursed. "Guess I'll just have to use this lead pipe here..."

"Psst! Hey! Over here!" A mysterious voice called to Jack from somewhere unknown. Jack decided to check the prison cells, and he found the person that the voice had been coming from. He was a grotesquely short and stout old man with a hideously wrinkled and drooping face.

"Pleasure to meet you, stranger. My name is Gnorris." he introduced himself. "I am supposed to be Meen's servant, but you know, even evil has standards sometimes!" he explained.

"I feel your pain." Jack replied, nodding his head.

"Here's my magic crystal orb!" Gnorris suddenly explained, accidentally throwing the orb at Jack's face.

"Ow, watch where you're throwing that thing!" Jack groaned.

"Uh, hee hee, sorry about that!" Gnorris apologized. "That was a silly mistake. Anyway, that orb will allow you to communicate with me from anywhere you choose, as long as it's still within this labyrinth."

"So what's the main perk to this?" Jack asked. "I'm legitimately curious now. You got me interested. Good job, random dude I don't really know."

"Anyway," Gnorris continued, "I've got a selection of good things on sale, stranger! Whaddaya buyin?"

Jack checked his pockets. "Well, I actually do have a credit card with about forty-two dollars on it." he explained. "Will that be enough to cover the costs of your wares?"

"Oh, golly, definitely!" Gnorris agreed, nodding his head and giving a thumbs-up signal. "So, allow me to repeat myself, whaddaya buyin?"

"Alright, first of all, I would like to buy that sword there." Jack requested.

"That's supposedly King's sword!" Gnorris explained. "Why, King was a very powerful Mimiga who would do almost anything, even sacrifice himself, just for the honor and goodwill of protecting his people from harm!"

"In fact, legend has it that King's spirit is actually still dwelling within that blade as we speak!"

Gnorris continued. "It can only be used by those whom he deems worthy! Would you consider yourself up to his standards, young man?"

"Yes. Yes, I am." Jack replied assertively. "I've always wanted to do something brave and heroic for a pure and noble cause. Count me in!"

"That'll be eleven dollars, please." After purchasing King's Blade from Gnorris, Jack had thirty-one dollars left.

"Heh heh heh heh, thank you!" Gnorris complimented him for his noble purchase. "However, is that all, stranger?"

After purchasing a backpack (\$3), body armor (\$2), a crossbow (\$10) and a bottle of tap water (\$1), Jack still had fifteen dollars left. "Damn, he really sells his stuff dirt cheap..." Jack thought to himself, setting out into the dark catacombs of the third floor.

"Hey, don't you need a flashlight?" Gnorris asked him.

"Nope, my glasses already have a night-vision feature." Jack replied.

"A WHAT?!" Gnorris responded with great surprise. "Man, what is it with kids these days and their technology? I must say, I'm rather impressed indeed!"

Sadly for him, no one was even listening to him.

## Climbing The Ranks

On the third floor, Jack began to notice that there was something weird going on.

The guardians were beginning to look really disturbing.

After slicing his first spider in half using King's Blade, Jack winced at what he saw; first of all, the spider had seven legs. Second of all, its face was upside down. Third of all, its disembodied halves were still able to move and even sprout more legs after being cut. Last but not least, it even had wriggling tentacles growing out of its eyeballs!

"There's only one way to kill something like THIS nightmarish monstrosity...WITH FIRE!" Jack realized as he watched the hideous freak of nature slowly creep toward him. "GNORRIS!" he yelled through the magic crystal ball.

"YES?"

"THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. PLEASE give me your flamethrower. I promise I'll pay the nine-dollar price for it when I'm done." Jack requested.

"Sure thing, pal!" And just like that, Gnorris magically teleported the flamethrower straight from his shop into Jack's hands. "BURN, MOTHERFUCKER, BURN!!!!" Jack yelled.

As Jack torched the mutated arachnid horror with his new flamethrower, the monster let out a shrill, bloodcurdling scream and collapsed into a giant pile of wriggling tentacles. For some reason, once all the tentacles were burned into ash, a green apple was revealed in the center.

After paying the nine dollars for the flamethrower, Jack tested to see whether or not the apple was actually real by smashing it with his lead pipe. Sure enough, it was actually...get this...a freaking APPLE SPIDER.

"What in the flying fuck?" Jack wondered. "I knew that that thing wasn't safe to eat, but seriously, what the fuck? This...thing must've been one of his horrifically failed lab experiments or something."

With his crossbow and sword, he made short work of the evil Viking dwarves and grim reapers in the vast maze of corridors. However, to his astonishment and surprise, even the freaking CHANDELIER on the dining room ceiling turned out to be a giant mechanical chandelier spider!

It attempted to eat him several times, it fired quite a few bullets from its legs, and it even fired lasers from its eye a few times; however, with a good table cover strategy and a bit of luck, Jack was able to defeat the monster with relative ease, at which point it crumbled into pieces.

Suddenly, Meen appeared in front of him, looking very angry. "LOOK AT ALL THIS MESS! You miserable goody-goody! You've already managed to kill TWO of my pets! Well, perhaps ONE of them, actually...but I still like to think of that OTHER one as one of my most ADORABLE little mistakes!" Meen ranted.

"You'll never make it through these next four floors, CHUMP." Meen taunted him. "Say, speaking of which, on the contrary...you're beginning to look rundown! Why not take a NAP?"

"Oh, HELL, no!" Jack responded disapprovingly. "You'll probably just try to rape me or something!"

"Hmph! You're smarter than you look, TWERP!" Meen replied bitterly. "But I've still got some nasty tricks up my sleeve! See ya!" And with that, he teleported away once again.

"You're doing very well. Keep going!" Gnorris complimented Jack on his progress.

It was there, right next to the exit, that Jack found Misery's prison cell!

"Why did Meen set this up so that his doors can be unlocked simply by fixing his grammatical mistakes?" Jack asked Gnorris.

"Because he's an idiot." Gnorris answered.

Upon freeing Misery from her cell, Jack noticed that there were also a bunch of fellow Mimigas trapped in there!

"Yes, as you may have suspected, this man is a lot more serious about being evil than we thought." Misery explained. "Just like the doctor before him, his goal is to enslave innocent citizens into his personal army and take over the world. If you want to live, then please, for God's sake, do not underestimate him. Understood?"

"Loud and clear." Jack replied, giving the salute mainly because it looked cool.

Things progressed pretty much the same way from there on out. The fourth floor had elemental monsters (which Misery took care of), the fifth and sixth floors had heavily armed monsters (which Quote and Curly took care of), and the seventh floor had super-strong monsters (which Balrog and Jack took care of). Everything just felt so mind-numbingly repetitive and basically looked exactly the same.

"Seriously, this guy needs to learn how to at least mildly change his gameplay themes every once in a while." Quote sighed. "I'm sick and tired and exhausted of doing the same shit over and over again!"

"Jack! Quote! Curly! Whatever-your-name-is! Balrog!" Gnorris called through the magic crystal ball. "Meen is up ahead on the top floor, and he's REALLY angry!" Gnorris warned them. "You don't stand a chance without Writewell's Book of Better Grammar!"

"Why do we need that stupid book anyway?" Misery asked.

"Yeah, she has a good point there, why can't we just use any old book?" Curly asked.

"Come to think of it, I still have the one and only copy of Sue's over-obsessive photo album of me!" Jack remembered. "It's in my backpack!"

"Good." Gnorris replied. "Good luck! You're going to need it!"

# A Head Of The Competition

ON THE TOP FLOOR...

Meen was sobbing into his handkerchief. "WRETCHED CHILD! You've RUINED my BEAUTIFUL LABYRINTH! Now you're going to PAY!!!" he yelled. "Sic em, Sue! Uhh, Sue?"

"OH NO! I forgot that the effects of the Earth roses are only temporary! She isn't even a vampire anymore!" Meen cried. "This calls for drastic measures! Oh, don't worry, I'm sure you'll find a way out of this one...IN A HUNDRED YEARS!!! HAAAAHA! HAAAAHAHAHAHAHAAH!!!" Meen laughed maniacally, using his sleeping spell on all of them. "I'm going to kill you three first, Jack, Sue and Balrog. Why, you may ask? Oh, just because! HEH HEH!"

Jack, Sue and Balrog woke up on top of a mysterious tan-colored object.

"Careful, little buddies." Balrog warned Sue and Jack. "My uncanny Windows 98 senses tell me we MAY be in danger!" Suddenly, Meen's giant face appeared in front of them! They were literally standing on the palm on Meen's hand!

"Oh, really, eh?" Meen teased them. "Oh, my, nothing ever gets by you, does it?"

"Now that I have shrunken you down to microscopic size with...

"PROFESSOR CURLY BRACE'S PATENTED REDUCING CREAM! IN LOTION OR OINTMENT FORM!"

"HEY!" Curly yelled disapprovingly. "That's MY product you're killing them with, you hateful bastard!"

"That stuff felt so good on my skin..." Balrog thought to himself, forgetting that he was made out of metal.

"Anyway," Meen continued, "I shall now crush you like, uhh...oh, I dunno, a CHIPMUNK!"

"Balrog! Use your wings and fly into his ear! Me and Sue will take it from there." Jack had secretly commanded Balrog while Meen was busy talking and being distracted by his own ego.

At the exact moment after Meen said "CHIPMUNK", Sue and Jack leapt onto Balrog and took off, right as Meen's other hand was about to come down and crush them. When Meen checked between his hands and saw nothing there, he looked around him in confusion.

Suddenly, he heard the three of them entering his ear canal! "Eww, gross! This guy brings a whole new meaning to the term 'waxed buildup'..." all three of them basically thought to themselves.

"Oh Yaaaah!" Balrog yelled as he smashed right through Meen's eardrum.

"GAHHH!!!" Meen screamed. "KOOL-AID MAN IN HEAD. KOOL-AID MAN IN HEAAAD!!!"

Before they even knew it, the three of them were already standing atop Meen's brain.

"IGNAMUS MORTIMER MEEN'S BEHAVIORAL CONTROL CENTER!!!" Sue screamed with melodramatic, over-the-top excitement.

"Damnit, Sue, you literally just took the words right out of my mouth." Jack thought to himself.

"QUICK! MY PHOTO BOOK!" Sue urgently requested, swinging her arm back so vigorously that it almost hit Jack right in the face.

"You're not gonna get custard on it again, ARE YOU?" Jack asked nervously with a very awkward look on his face.

Sue shot him a death glare for making that highly inappropriate comment, then she forcefully snatched the book out of Jack's hands and crammed it into Meen's brain.

"Now, Balrog, let's fly out of here! Giddyup!" Sue commanded Balrog as she and Jack hopped back on and flew out of there just in time to watch Meen go crazy.

"HUAGGGHHH!!!" Meen screamed. "IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN! MY BRAIN! MY HOT...STINGING...DICK!!! I'M GAAAAAAY!!! GAAAAAAY!!! GAAAAAAY!!!" And with that, he ran off the edge of the roof and legitimately fell to his death this time, since he landed on a bed of spikes.

"Wait a minute...it feels like there's still more here." Jack realized as they all went back to normal size. "Of course! There's a secret passage here. Look at the clock face."

"You're right." Quote realized. "There's a portal in there. Let's go inside."

Little did they know what freakish horrors awaited them...

## Welcome To Deviantart

There they were...Quote, Curly, Jack, Balrog, Misery and Sue...in Hell.

"Alright, here's the plan." Quote explained. "Me and Curly will do the shooting. Jack and Sue, you two will be riding on top of Balrog. And you, Misery...watch over us, okay?"

Just then, Misery was mysteriously struck by a lightning bolt and killed. "Jack...take these Iron Gauntlets...eugh..." Just like that, Misery was killed off.

Worse yet, all of Jack's weapons apart from the Blade and Gauntlets vanished. "True men fight like a man..." a mysterious voice whispered. "Oh, and also, your girlfriend sucks cocks in Hell." And just like that, Sue got killed off as well.

"WHAT DID YOU JUST DO?" Jack yelled. "H-HOW COULD YOU!?"

"Just what ARE you? Satan?" Curly asked.

"Close, but no cigar." the voice replied.

"This is gonna be one hell of a ride..." Quote muttered. "Umm...Jack, you can just ride on top of Balrog alone."

"I cannot believe that that demon actually killed my beloved master...this is serious now! She was like a brooding, emo, alcoholic piece of shit MOTHER to me!" Balrog cried.

"How boring." the voice taunted them. "Why don't you just come and fight me already?"

The four of them entered the first section of the tunnel, but it was very different from what Quote was used to. This time, the place appeared to be haunted by Jack's nightmares!

There were giant books falling from the ceiling trying to crush them, there were dozens of dead Mimiga ghosts chasing after them, there were mold monsters growing everywhere, there were a bunch of I.M.Meen clones trying to rape and/or kill them, and the entire environment was made out of bloodstained book pages.

After fighting through all the madness, the team reached a mid-boss battle chamber where they faced off against I. M. Meen, who was basically a Misery wannabe, and Crossdressing Balrog, who was luckily just as easy as the normal Balrog fights.

After defeating these rather lame mid-boss monsters, the team entered the corridor leading up to the ultimate battle. Suddenly, they saw the ghost of a dead cat.

"Please kill my master." the cat begged them. "He is a monster who has lived for as long as fanfiction and Deviantart have existed. His pervertedness is beyond any control."

Opening the door, the team arrived at the Zeal Chamber. The enormous room contained giant pillars that resembled erect penises, a throne with a vibrator, and a floor littered with the corpses of demonic sex dolls.

"Welcome." the mysteriously anonymous silhouette of a man standing in front of the throne greeted them. "I am DeviantArt."



"One day, I let my craving for fictional sexual intercourse run wild without any fear of the horrific consequences."

"I remember the days when I was considered to be a reasonably respectable website by the general public. I put out some pretty amazing fanart, and the nerds loved me. Almost as much as they loved their own fandoms..."

"But then, one day, the ever-so-slowly dying Sonic fan-base became jealous of the vastly superior and infinitely more successful Mario franchise. Some of them were merely ignorant douchebags about it, but some did much worse things."

"The fact that they continually pumped out dozen after dozen of Sonic character recolors and produced annoyingly gratuitous amounts of foot fetish art involving almost every single Sonic-related character known to man was only the icing on the cake."

"They would write nasty things. Horrific, vile, evil, nasty, absolute abominations of the fan-fiction genre. They even literally wrote a fan-fiction in which Shadow pulled Amy's corpse out from under the rotting floorboards of an old house and violently fornicated with it..."

"Even worse, I ended up becoming one of them. I became the lowest of the low. The king of the low-life basement-dwelling scumbag losers. The one perverted freak-show to rule them all."

"To top it off, these absolute disgraces to human society began spreading to the other fan-bases as well! As the Sonic franchise's ungodly awful reputation caused the Internet to go up in flames and also gave anthropomorphic animals in general an unfairly bad name, I could only gaze upon the insane spectacle...laughing."

"For many years now, I have been waiting for someone brave enough to enter this disgusting room and try to put me out of my eternal self-imposed misery."

"Now, kill me...or I...shall kill YOU!" he yelled, knocking Quote and Curly out with lightning bolts and trapping them inside a bubble at the top of the room.

"Sorry, no helpers." DeviantArt mused, trapping Balrog inside the bubble as well. "You will have to duel against me alone, Jack."

Jack drew out his King's Blade and strapped on Curly's Booster 2.0 jetpack.

Using the power of flight, DeviantArt suddenly charged toward him in all four main compass directions with remarkable speed; luckily, Jack circled around him just in time using the jetpack and narrowly avoided his ground slam, which sent sex doll bones and semen particles flying everywhere.

Jack slashed away at DeviantArt while the poor monster attempted to fight back using his purple dildo lightsaber. "You don't know the power of the dark side!" DeviantArt warned Jack.

DeviantArt then flew up into the sky and created the masturbation equivalent of a thunderstorm! Jack narrowly dodged the intense semen squirts as he ran back and forth screaming and panicking.

After Jack dealt what seemed like the last few blows, DeviantArt flew up toward the ceiling and came back down in a very strange new form that left a huge shockwave on the ground as winged, flying vaginas began swarming the upper part of the room.

DeviantArt had literally transformed into a giant, disembodied bare foot with a giant boner growing out of the top of its leg stump! Jack was lucky he hadn't been standing underneath THAT

form when it made its entrance!

Anyway, this phase was incredibly simple, yet terrifying regardless. The foot jumped up and down, creating shockwaves that had the exact same effect as the ground slam attack from the first phase. Between every three jumps, it would get tired and pause for a few seconds, leaving Jack free to climb onto the leg stump using his jetpack and slash away at the boner!

"Ah, I knew you were really just a softie all along..." Jack thought to himself. But then came the third form.

Suddenly, DeviantArt transformed into an inflated woman and sprouted eight giant donuts that flew around her in a circle!

DeviantArt used the stickiness of the donuts to move around the room in a square pattern using the floor, walls and ceiling; when she came down to the floor, Jack carefully slipped in between the donuts and slashed away at each one with his sword.

When she went across the ceiling, Jack carefully dodged all the drops of deadly fat that fell from the ceiling. It was here at this moment that he learned that he could actually send King's spirit from his sword to attack DeviantArt, so he now had a good ranged attack to use against her.

"This sword's true power is usable only by those who demonstrate true purity of heart." King explained. "Now that I have been struck down, I have become more powerful than anyone could have imagined."

"Thank you, brother..." Jack thanked him just in time for the climactic final form.

As the vagina bats flew out of the room, DeviantArt sprouted eight bloody used condom platforms as the donuts began to spin around her body extremely fast. Suddenly, the unthinkable happened!

DeviantArt's chest exploded gorily and bloodily from overinflation, and a bunch of anthropomorphic, naked flies began crawling into her body and feasting on her endlessly bleeding entrails as a ginormous swarm of winged, flying, crusty, hairy, infected, festering, sweaty, pus-oozing, BLUE vaginas began to fly out of her body!

Four of her donuts suddenly became extremely rotten and moldy, broke off of her orbit, and started bouncing around the room as the vaginas shot out streams of horrifically tainted blood at Jack.

It's safe to say that Jack definitely did NOT make it through this experience without dry-heaving. However, he still had one more trick up his sleeve. He was going to awaken the TRUE real power of the sword.

"King! Be the instrument of my revenge! Fuckin' ZA WARUDO!" Jack yelled at the top of his lungs, freezing the passage of time.

"TOKI WO TOMARE!" he chanted in Japanese, summoning additional swords from his sword and carefully observing them as they froze in midair.

"Soshite ugoki wa, ugoki desu..." he concluded flatly, sending the phantom swords flying directly into DeviantArt's despicable black heart.

"ROAD ROLLER!!!" he screamed, summoning a giant steamroller from the heavens and dropping it on top of DeviantArt.

"WRYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Jack screamed like a vampire on steroids as DeviantArt was

completely and utterly crushed.

Even so, he continued his attack even further. "MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA MUDA!!!" he yelled as he wrecked the shit out of the steamroller with his iron gauntlet fists while standing on top of it. Right after his last punch, he leaped backward off of the steamroller and watched it explode, destroying DeviantArt for good.

Unfortunately...Jack, Balrog, Sue, Quote, Curly, and Misery were never seen nor heard from again. Maybe they've found a better place in heaven somewhere.

One can only hope...

THE END

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